there arose an innumerable number of fowls "of many sorts, making a confused screaming., and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, Its colour and beak resembling It, but it had no talons, or claws, more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

I came back to my raft and fell to work to unload my cargo, which took me up the rest of that day; and what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was no need for those fears. However, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodgings.

As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of

the wood where I shot the fowl.

I made several other voyages to the ship •and brought away many things very useful to me; as, first, two or three bags full of nail*